

NEIL GAIMAN'S



8

JUSTICE

Lady

DANIEL
BRERETON
FRED
HARPER

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WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

PART THREE



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NEIL GAIMAN'S *Lady* **JUSTICE**

She Is Justice.

Represented since the beginning of time
as a robed woman, blinded, armed with
naught but a sword and a sense of balance.
A woman cut off from the masculine world
of clues and hard realities, forced into
the depths of her remaining senses -
touch, smell, taste, hearing.

A woman joined with her innermost self,
focused only on her mission. A woman
who cannot be deceived, cannot be fooled.

A woman blind...

...To all but justice.

*"Injustice is relatively easy to bear;
what stings is justice."*

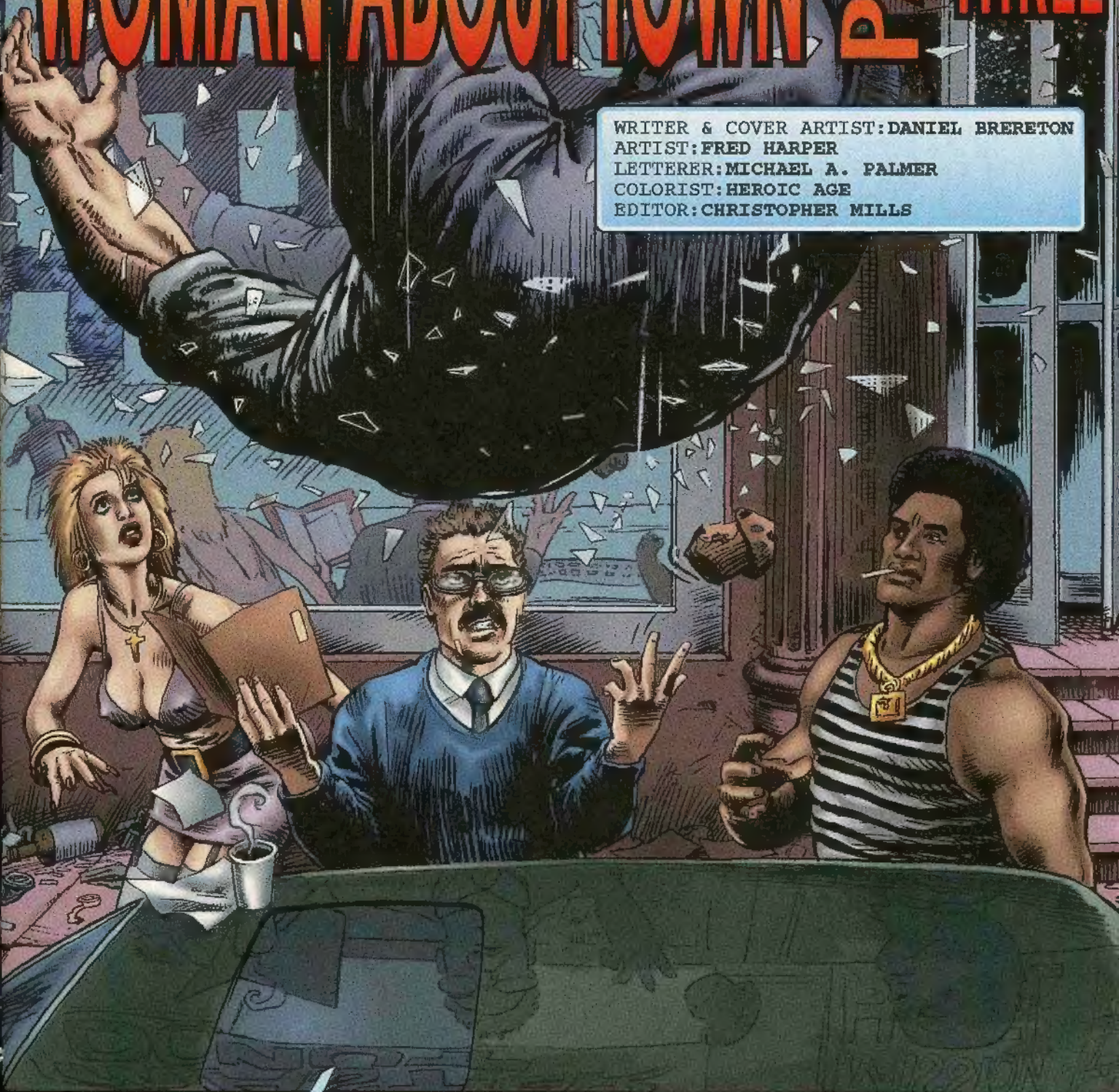
—H.L. Mencken

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WOMAN ABOUT TOWN PART THREE

WRITER & COVER ARTIST: DANIEL BRERETON
ARTIST: FRED HARPER
LETTERER: MICHAEL A. PALMER
COLORIST: HEROIC AGE
EDITOR: CHRISTOPHER MILLS





AT LEAST HE'LL LIVE
TO COLLECT THE
INSURANCE.

HOW COME
ALL THESE
CREEPS HAVE
BETTER WHEELS
THAN ME?



THAT
WINDOW'S...



...TOO SMALL FOR
ANYTHING BUT A CIRCUS
PERFORMER TO
WRIGGLE THROUGH, I
KNOW.





YOU'RE NOT
FINISHED, BOSSY.
PULL UP THE RUG.
JUST LIKE YOU
ORDERED
BLOCKHEAD
TO DO.



THEY CALLED
HIM MELONHEAD.
YOU KILLED HIM.

NOT QUITE. HIS
MELON'S STILL
INTACT.

NOW SHUT
UP AND GET
TO WORK.



MISS, I STRONGLY
SUGGEST TO YOU
THAT YOU'RE *WAY*
OUT OF YOUR
ELEMENT HERE.



I STRONGLY
SUGGEST YOU WORRY
LESS ABOUT ME AND
MORE ABOUT THE
ELEMENT THAT'S
POINTED AT YOUR ASS,
SWEETHEART.

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PRIMORTALS™

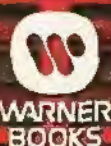


TARGET: EARTH
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STAR WARS™:
SHADOWS OF THE EMPIRE

**Eons ago, aliens visited Earth.
Now they're returning...
to reclaim what's theirs.**

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IF I DO FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, THE **WORST** THING, I SUPPOSE, IS THAT YOU'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME.

THAT'S VERY PERCEPTIVE. NO WONDER THEY LET YOU BOSS THE CHIMP AROUND.

YOU SEE, THE WORST OF IT ISN'T SO BAD, REALLY. AFTER ALL, I KNOW WHERE TO FIND **YOU**.

UH-HUH. HOW'S **THAT**, THIEF?

I HAD A LOOK AT SOME FILES IN THE STREET DOWN THERE. YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT SORT OF HELPFUL SCRAPS AN AVARICIOUS COP CAN DIG UP FOR THE RIGHT PRICE...

RECORDS, DOCUMENTS, EVEN **PERSONNEL** PHOTOS...

YOU'RE WILLIAM "SKEETER" BISCAYNE'S **PAROLE OFFICER**, AREN'T YOU?

WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING TWO FEET TO THE LEFT?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO **TALK** ABOUT THIS?

NO.

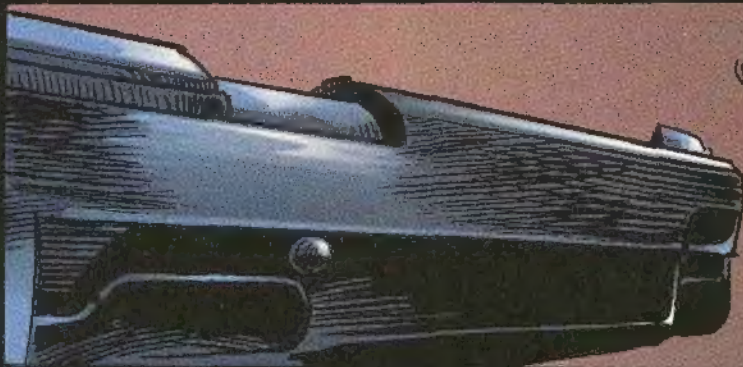
BLAM!



NO!
PLEASE!!



YOU'RE A
CRAZY LADY,
THAT'S WHAT YOU
ARE.



I TAKE
THAT
BACK...

WHAT'S
YOUR
GAME?



THAT'S THE
PROBLEM WITH
MEN. EVERYTHING'S
A GAME.

WELL THEN,
AM I SAFE IN
ASSUMING YOU'RE
HERE FOR THE
DOPE?



HMM, OKAY,
IS THIS A
GAME OF...



...SORRY, I MEANT TO
SAY A "**MATTER**" OF REVENGE?
BECAUSE IF ALL YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR IS BLOOD, WELL, I'LL HARDLY
STAND IN YOUR WAY.

YOU GOT
THAT RIGHT.

THAT IS TO SAY, I
HAVE **NO** INTEREST IN
GETTING CAUGHT UP
IN SOME **VENDETTA**
BETWEEN YOU AND
TORO, THOUGH GOD
KNOWS WHY YOU
WOULD CHOOSE TO
TAKE HIM ON.

BUT, IF
THAT'S THE
CASE, I'D JUST
AS SOON LEAVE
TOWN UNTIL
THINGS COOL
OFF.

IT'S NOT
FOR NOTHING
THAT THEY CALL
ME THE
SMARTER ONE.



I'D LIKE YOU
TO SHUT UP
NOW.

OF COURSE.



YOU *CAN'T*
BE MARRIED.

H-HEY,
LOOK
NOW....

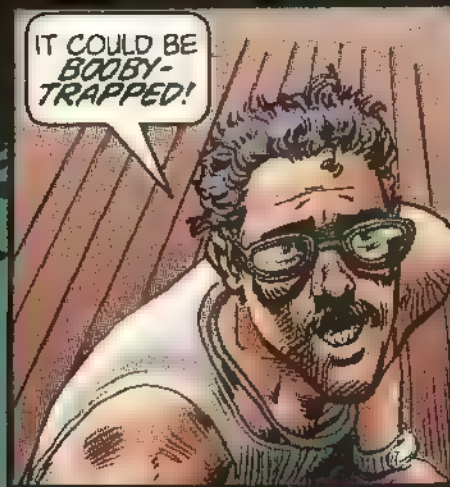
NO WOMAN
COULD STAY *FIVE*
MINUTES IN A
ROOM WITH YOUR
MOUTH.

I KNOW I
COULDN'T.

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

REACH IN
THERE AND
PULL THOSE
DRUGS OUT,
PLEASE.

KRAKK!



YES, ABOUT 90
GRAND'S WORTH
OF VIRGIN,
UNPLOWED, BABY-
LAXATIVE FREE,
POWDER.



THIS, THIS
COULD BUY YOU
MY SERVICES,
FOR SAY, A
WEEK?

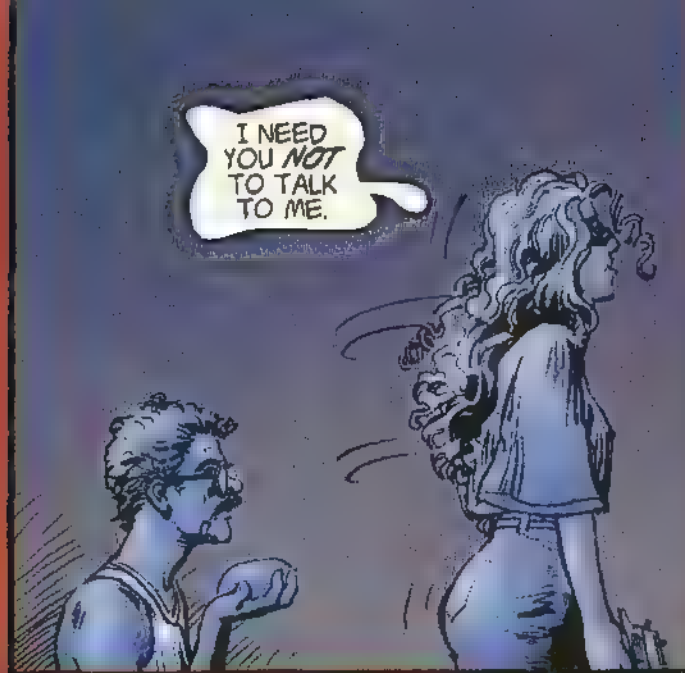
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

MICKY SPILLANE'S MIKE DANGER

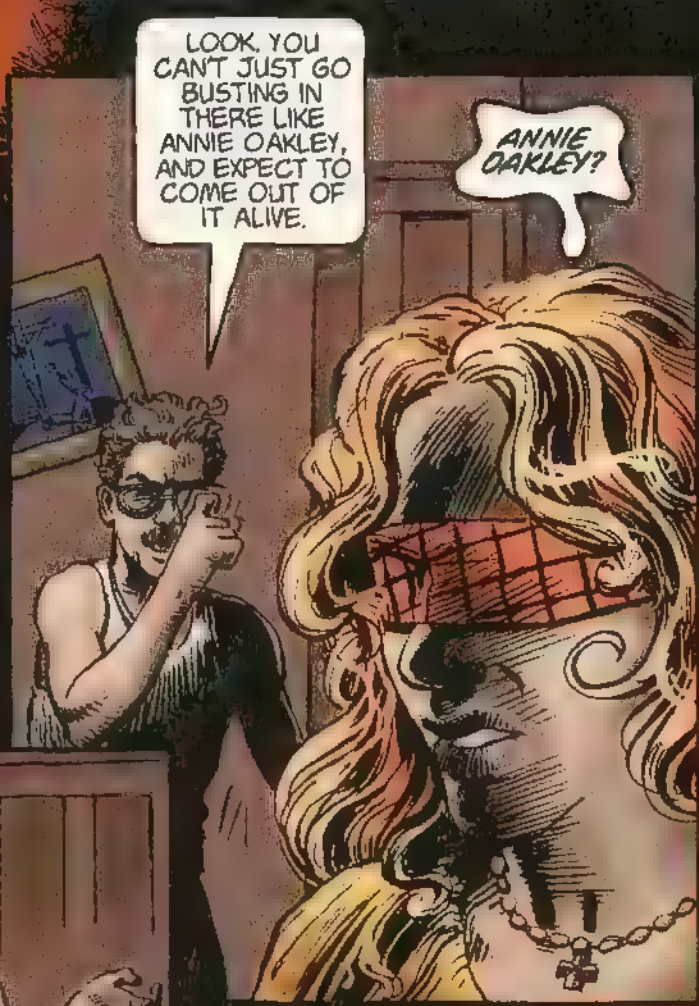
OUR COUNTRY IS UNDER
ATTACK BY THE FORCES OF
GODLESS COMMUNISM
— A PHILOSOPHY SO ALIEN
TO OUR WAY OF LIFE THAT
IT SEEMS LIKE IT COMES
FROM ANOTHER PLANET...

HEY... WAIT A MINUTE!

"RED MENACE" CONTINUES IN
MICKY SPILLANE'S MIKE DANGER NO. 9



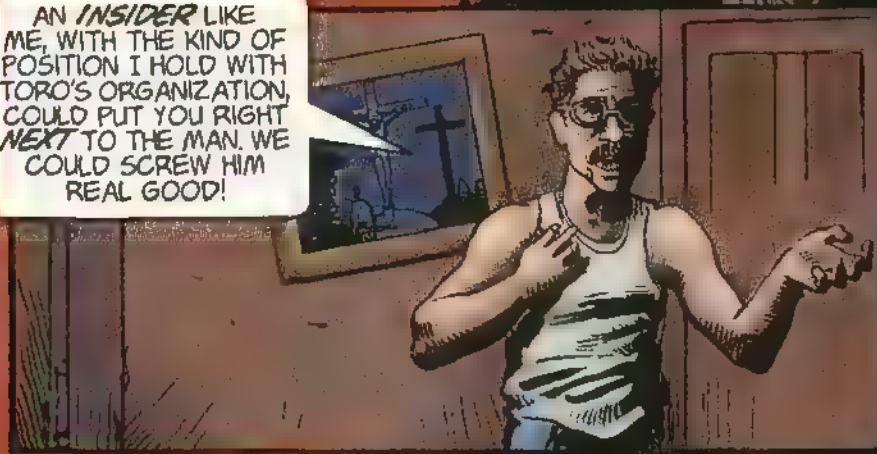
I NEED YOU *NOT* TO TALK TO ME.



LOOK YOU CAN'T JUST GO BUSTING IN THERE LIKE ANNIE OAKLEY, AND EXPECT TO COME OUT OF IT ALIVE.

ANNIE OAKLEY?

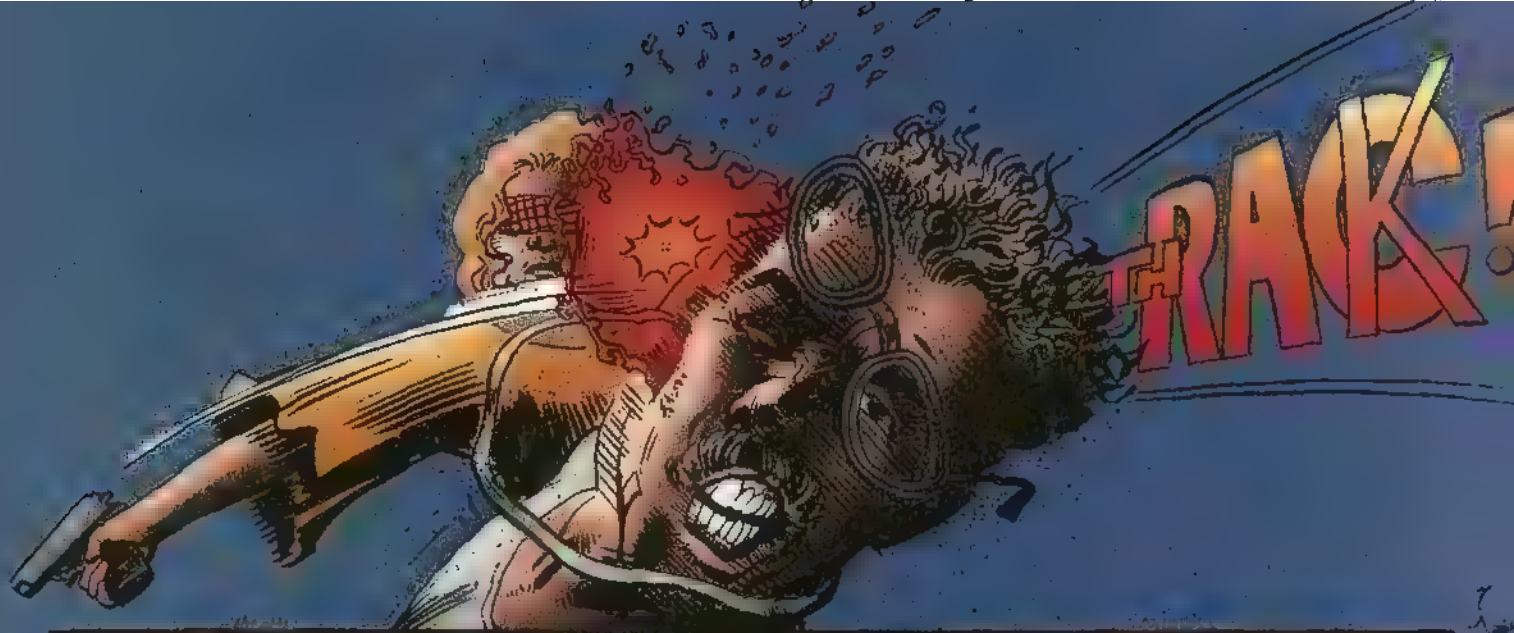
AN *INSIDER* LIKE ME, WITH THE KIND OF POSITION I HOLD WITH TORO'S ORGANIZATION, COULD PUT YOU RIGHT *NEXT* TO THE MAN. WE COULD SCREW HIM REAL GOOD!



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO *SHUT UP*.



NOW, DON'T BE *STUPID* ABOUT THIS!



YOU'RE
RIGHT, I AM
STUPID.



THE MELONHEAD
CALLED US, HE'S ALL
BANGED-UP DOWN IN
THE CAR.

TOOK YOU FUCKING *LONG*
ENOUGH. THOUGHT I WAS GOING
TO HAVE TO *MARRY* THIS CHICK
AND HAVE A FEW KIDS HERE.

I GUESS WE
CAME RIGHT ON
TIME, THEN.

"YOU'RE
GONNA
SCREW ME
GOOD?"

HUH, SMART
MOUTH?

WHAT?!? JIM, I WAS JUST
STALLING THIS CRAZY TART
UNTIL I HAD SOME BACK UP
HERE. SHE THREW MELON
OUT THE WINDOW. SHE'S
DANGEROUS, JIM... NUTS!

RIGHT, THIS FRAIL
TOSSED MELONHEAD
OUT THE WINDOW...

...RIGHT...?

THAT'S
RIGHT, JIM...

"SCREW
ME GOOD?"
HUH? IS THAT
RIGHT!?!?

BLAM!

BLAM!
BLAM!

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THAT'S
CLOSE ENOUGH,
FRANKENSTEIN.

THAT'S MY
PROPERTY,
BABE. GONNA
HAVE TO ASK
FOR IT BACK.

WE HAVE ANOTHER
MATTER TO DISCUSS FIRST.

JUST WHO ARE YOU,
SWEETHEART?

YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT THAT LITTLE
JAILBIRD? CLAY'S
CELLMATE?

AH, HELL, I DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH *THAT*.
THAT WAS *CLAY'S* BUSINESS,
SWEETHEART.

A FRIEND OF
SKEETER BISCAINE.
THE MAN YOU SET UP.

NO, JIMMY-BOY. YOU *CONNED*
CLAY INTO KILLING THE MAN HE
DID TIME WITH. A MAN HE
COUNTED AS A *FRIEND*. A MAN
I LOVED.

AND THEN AFTER CLAY CAME
BACK TO YOU WITH MONEY, YOU
GUNNED *HIM* DOWN IN THE
PARKING LOT OF YOUR OWN BAR.

IS THIS HOW YOU TREAT
YOUR PARTNERS, JIMMY?
BY *BACKSTABBING* AND
GUT-SHOOTING THEM?

JIM, YOU
WHACKED
CLAY?

WHAT? I DIDN'T
POP CLAY. THAT
HAD *NOTHIN'*
TO DO WITH ME,
HONEY.



YOU TAPPED
CLAY, JIM? DID
HE DO SOME
TIME FOR YOU?

SHADDUP, PHIL...
DON'T LISTEN TO THIS
WHACKED-OUT BROAD.
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR *FACE* ANYWAY,
LADY? TRYING TO COVER
UP A *SHINER* YOUR
BOYFRIEND GAVE YOU?



MY MAN'S *DEAD*. CLAY
SHOT HIM IN THE FACE
DURING A ROBBERY
YOU SET UP. AND MY
SISTER, HER MAN IS
DEAD TOO, 'CAUSE *YOU*
SHOT HIM IN THAT
PARKING LOT.

CLAY HAD A
BROAD?



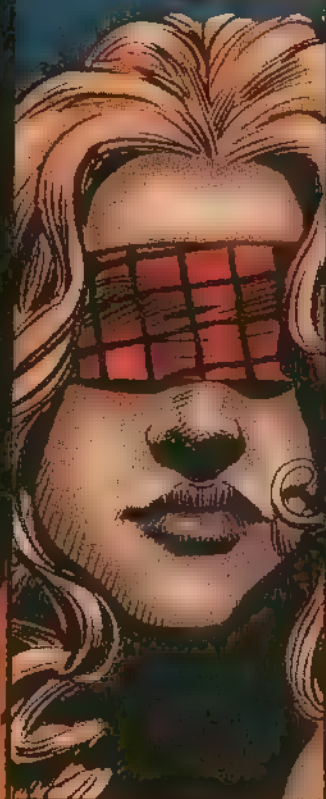
CLAY HAD A
WOMAN HE LOVED.
AND SHE WAS
CARRYING CLAY'S
BABY.

WHEN SHE HEARD
THE NEWS, SHE
COULDN'T TAKE THE
STRAIN. SHE
MISCARRIED.

NOW CLAY'S
BABY IS DEAD
TOO.

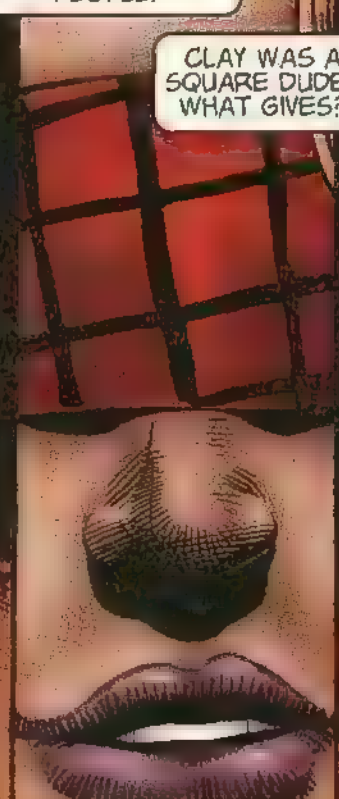
OH, *HELL*....

...MAN... THAT
IS *ROUGH*,
MAN.



WHY'D YOU GO
AND WHACK CLAY,
JIM? HE WAS GOOD
PEOPLE.

CLAY WAS A
SQUARE DUDE...
WHAT GIVES?



I WAS A TEENAGE SCI-FI FREAK!

Boy, the world's changed.

It's always changing, of course; that's the nature of things. But what really amazes me is that after almost three decades, I finally fit in. Well, better than I used to, anyway.

I've been a fan of science fiction and fantasy ever since I was a kid. But back then—and I know you'll find this hard to believe—it wasn't cool. I took a lot of abuse from my schoolmates (and even my relatives) because I always had my nose in a SF novel or comic book. Even my teachers tried to discourage me from reading

Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke and del Rey because it wasn't "real" fiction. (Of course, maybe they just didn't want a nine-year-old reading stuff that thought-provoking...)

And get this: when I was a kid, it was almost impossible to find science fiction shows on TV. Even *Star Trek*™, which aired in syndication in major markets, only showed up in my area sporadically. And the Irwin Allen shows never did. On Saturday afternoons in the Summer, I'd get to see 1950's monster movies on Sci-Fi Theater—if my Mom didn't order me outdoors to get some exercise. I hungered for any imaginative fiction and devoured my school library's tiny supply. I begged my folks to increase my allowance so I could buy paperback books—I think I had more books of my own than anyone else in my school, including teachers—but it still wasn't enough.

My life got a little better after *Star Wars*™ came out. Hollywood studios and book publishers started generating a lot more material. People

were less inclined to sneer at me, (well, a little) and I started to become aware of the existence of other fans through magazines like *Starlog*™. In high school, I started playing role-playing games with a bunch of other people who were into fantasy and SF. But frankly, we weren't the most popular kids in school. Outside school, it was worse—I was embarrassed to buy comic books at the local store because it usually cost me a "Aren't you a little old for funny books?" speech from the cashier. I felt like I needed to hide my obsession, to sneak looks at my paperbacks and comic books only behind locked doors. As I entered adulthood and the work force, I was as secretive and alone as an alcoholic, and almost as ashamed of my addiction.

But the world was changing. It snuck up on me. I'll admit: I was so used to thinking of myself as an outsider, as just a "sci-fi freak," that I didn't really notice that science fiction was becoming accepted—hell, eagerly embraced—

by a lot more people. I first noticed it when my supervisor at the hospital I worked for began to wax enthusiastic about *Dr. Who*™. And then, a year or two later, I found myself embroiled in heated debates with secretaries and salespeople at a conservative New England newspaper over the relative merits of Captains Kirk and Picard.

Now I can't turn around without being assailed by sci-fi media and merchandise.

Toys, comics, movies, TV shows, books, magazines, games: the list goes on. Never before has there been so much fuel to feed the imaginations of people hungry for adventure. With the end of the millennium approaching quickly, we can actually see the future directly in front of us—yet we seem unwilling to let it arrive at its own pace. We seek out visions and voices of the future wherever we can, and aggressively pursue technologies that only a few years ago were sci-fi themselves.

For the first time, my own hunger for imaginative stories seems dwarfed by the appetites of everyone else around me, and I couldn't be happier. Science fiction, fantasy and horror are all around me and in a greater variety than I could have ever hoped. Heck, I'm even working in the field—a dream that twenty years ago seemed as unattainable as a trip to Mars.

But you know, I heard something on CNN the other day...

—Christopher Mills

I CAN'T **BELIEVE** YOU
ASSHOLES! CAN'T YOU **SMELL**
THE LINE OF CRAP SHE'S
SPRINKLING ON YOU?

I'LL TELL YOU
WHO'S FULL OF
CRAP...

...BABY
KILLER...

YOU GUYS ASK
YOURSELF **THIS**:
WHO ON EARTH
WOULD THROW
DOWN A
RATTLESNAKE-
EATER LIKE CLAY?

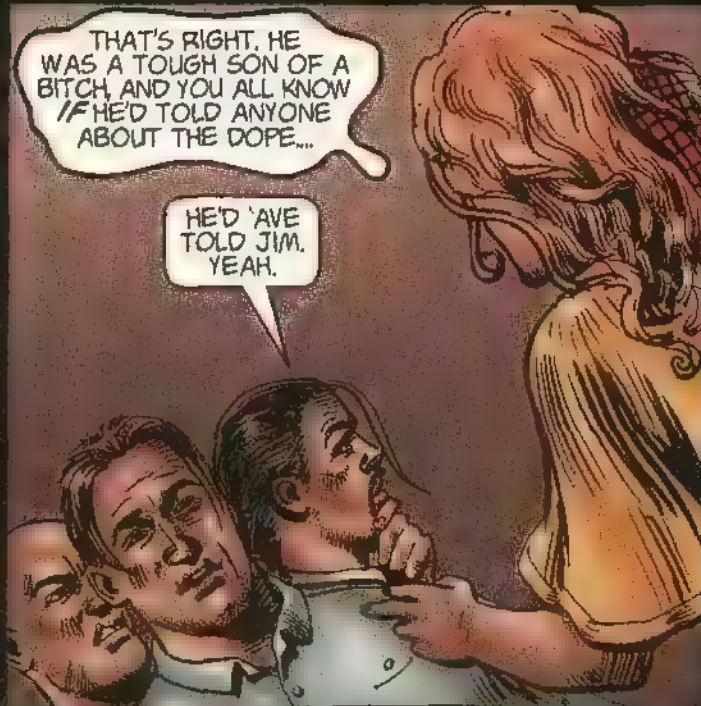
WHO COULD GET
THAT CLOSE TO HIM?
THE MAN JUST
SPENT SEVERAL
YEARS IN **PRISON**.
HE WAS USED TO
DEALING WITH
TROUBLE **HEAD-ON**
EVERY SINGLE DAY
OF HIS **LIFE**.

SOMEONE,
SOME **MUTT**,
PROBLY ASKED
HIM FOR A
LIGHT, KNOWING
HE HAD THE
GINCH ON HIM,
AND THEN
SHOOTS HIM
FULL OF HOLES.
CLAY WAS MY
BUDDY.

THAT'S AN INTERESTING
STORY. BUT **WHO** COULD
HAVE KNOWN HE HAD
THAT BIG BAG OF **DOPE**
ON HIM? ANY OF YOU
GUYS KNOW ABOUT THE
STUFF THAT NIGHT?

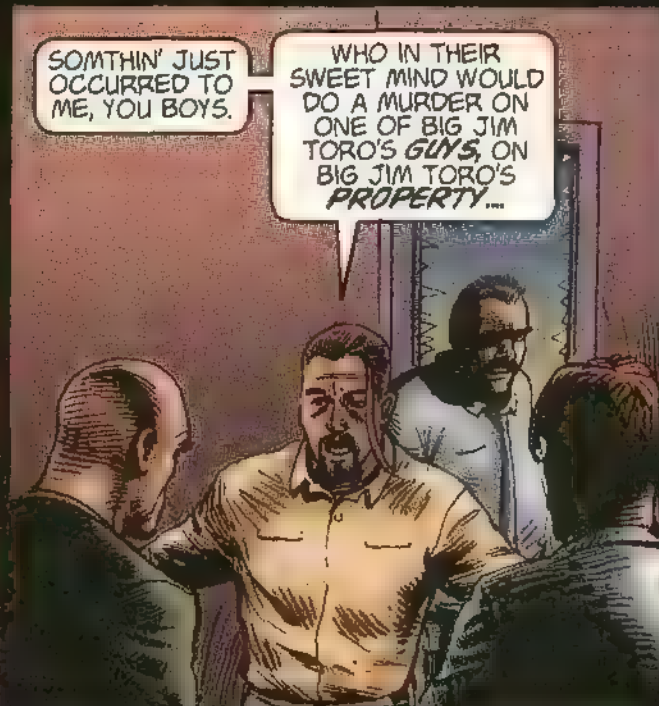
HELL, NO.

CLAY HAD A
BAGGIE LIKE THAT
ON HIM, HE
WOULDN'T 'AVE
ADVERTISED.



THAT'S RIGHT, HE WAS A TOUGH SON OF A BITCH, AND YOU ALL KNOW IF HE'D TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE DOPE....

HE'D 'AVE TOLD JIM. YEAH.



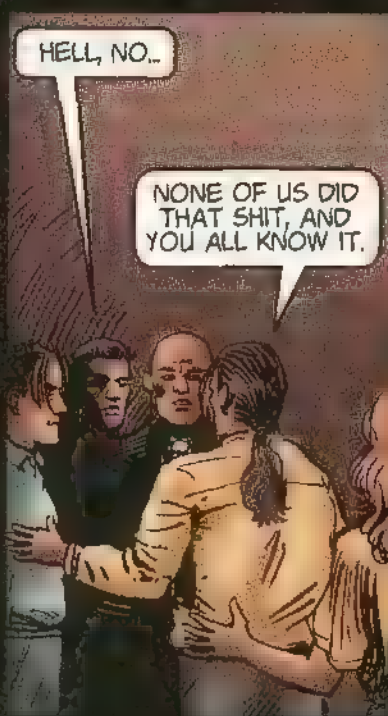
SOMTHIN' JUST OCCURRED TO ME, YOU BOYS.

WHO IN THEIR SWEET MIND WOULD DO A MURDER ON ONE OF BIG JIM TORO'S *GUYS*, ON BIG JIM TORO'S *PROPERTY*....



..YEAH... NO GOOF IN THIS TOWN WOULD PULL A STUNT LIKE *THAT*, 'CAUSE THEY GOTTA KNOW *THEY'D* GET TOOK OFF THEMSELVES.

UH-HUH. LESS THAT GUY HAD THE *OKAY*, WAS ANY OF *YOU* GUYS TOLD TO HIT CLAY?



HELL, NO...

NONE OF US DID THAT SHIT, AND YOU ALL KNOW IT.

THAT'S RIGHT. BESIDES, I DON'T SEE YOU FELLAS AS THE TYPE, ANYWAY, NO, THAT KIND OF *TREACHERY*, TO USE A FOUR DOLLAR WORD, IS RIGHT UP THE ALLEY OF A DOUBLE-DEALING, *LYING* SACK OF SCUM LIKE BIG JIM HERE.

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT!



THIS PARLOR
GAME IS DONE.

NOW. AM I GONNA HAVE THE
PLEASURE OF PERISHING THIS
BITCH OR IS ONE OF *YOU* STUPID
S.O.B.'S GONNA *VOLUNTEER*? CUZ
IF I HAVE TO DO IT *MYSELF*, THEN
I GUESS I NEED MYSELF A
BRAND NEW CREW, CUZ THIS
ONE BELONGS IN THE BACK OF
A *BURGER JOINT*, FLIPPIN'
PATTIES....



NOW WHAT'S
IT GONNA BE,
DICKHEADS?

OH, AND DON'T
WORRY, THERE'S
ENOUGH OF THIS
BIG-MOUTHED
BROAD TO SATISFY
ALL YOUR TRIGGERS.
PLENTY TO GO
AROUND, SO...



NICE TRY,
SWEETHEART.

REAL
GOOD,
BOYS.



NOW SAY
GOODBYE.



IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF:

**THIS ISSUE
COMPLETES THE
AMAZING
TRIPTYCH COVER!**

TEOTS

#9



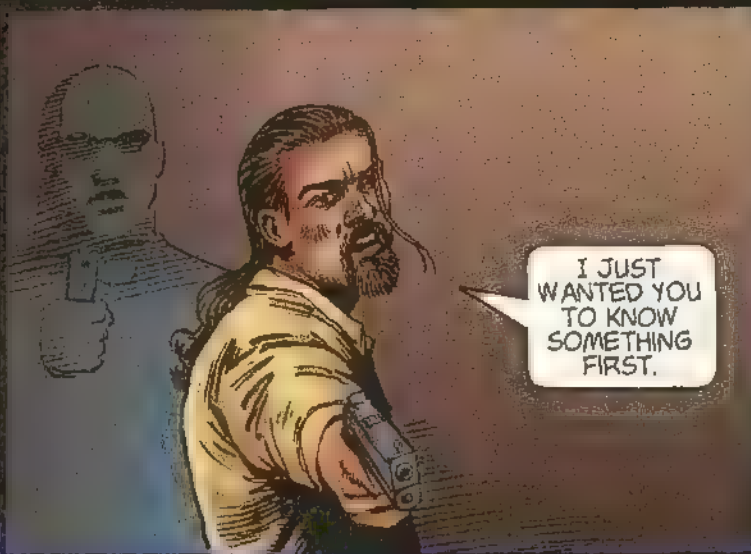
**NEXT MONTH, CLIFF BIGGERS, BRETT BROOKS, PAT BRODERICK,
MICHAEL PALMER AND PRISMACOLOR BRING YOU THE SENSES-SHATTERING
CONCLUSION OF "REBIRTH!" IF YOU MISS THIS ISSUE, THERE IS NO SECOND CHANCE!**



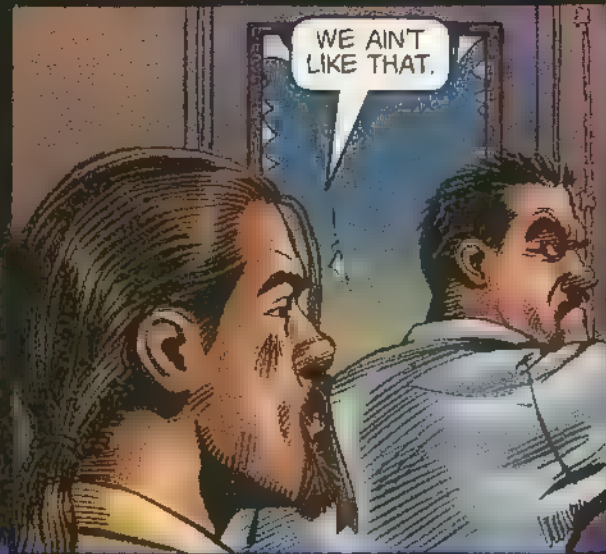
SAY, LADY.



YEAH?



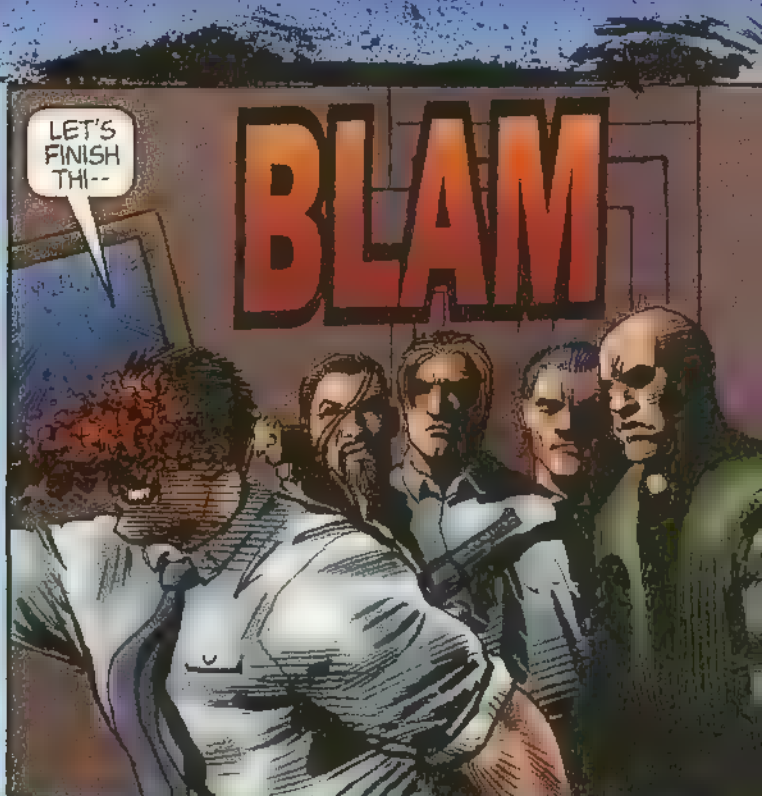
I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW SOMETHING FIRST.



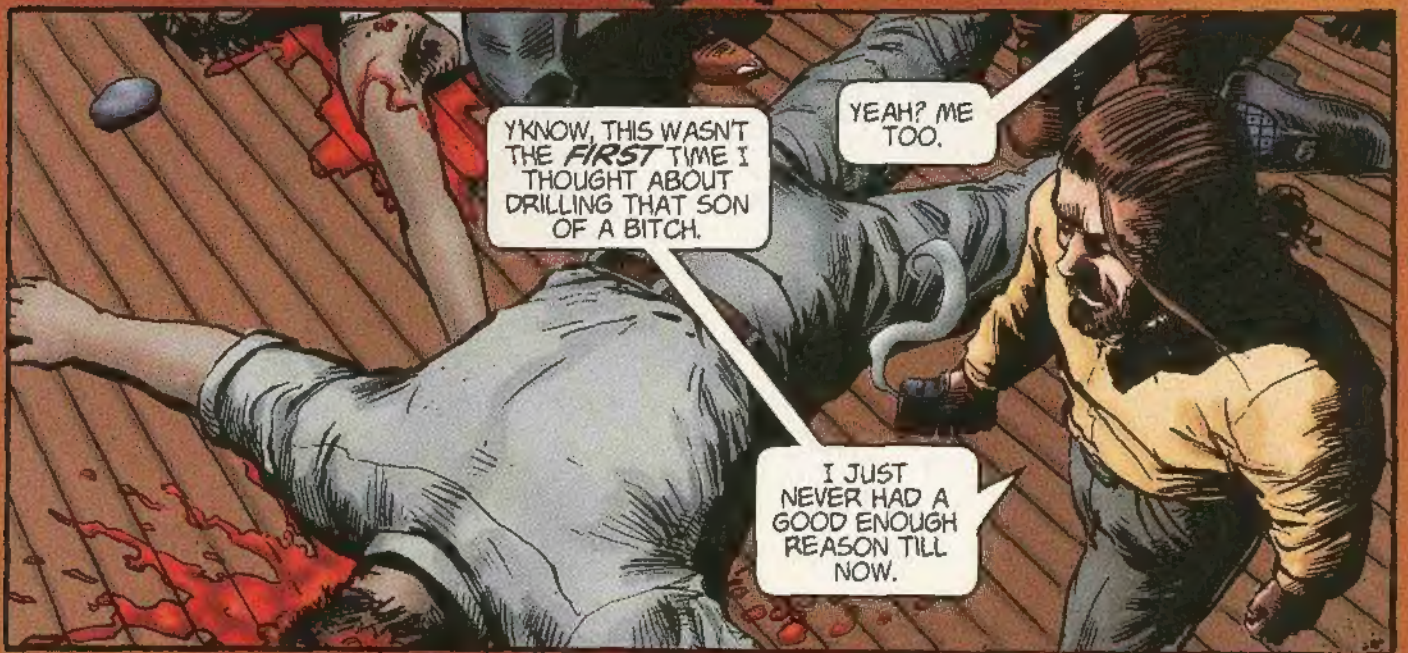
WE AIN'T LIKE THAT.



IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO SUPPER, BOYS.



LET'S FINISH THI--



Y'KNOW, THIS WASN'T THE *FIRST* TIME I THOUGHT ABOUT DRILLING THAT SON OF A BITCH.

YEAH? ME TOO.

I JUST NEVER HAD A GOOD ENOUGH REASON TILL NOW.



YOU, *YOU* HAD *MORE* THAN ENOUGH, THOUGH.



DIDN'T YOU, LADY?

YES, MORE THAN ENOUGH.



YOU SURE PICKED A BAD TIME TO PLAY DETECTIVE, JORDAN. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ANYBODY YOU WERE GONNA GO SNIFFING AROUND?



YOU COULD BE DEAD IN THERE RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD OF THAT TURD. LOOKS LIKE HIS BOYS MIGHT'VE TOOK OFF WITH SOME DRUGS, TOO. YOU GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO HERE.

YOU'RE A MESS. GO AHEAD, TAKE MY HANDKERCHIEF.



THANKS, I ALREADY HAVE ONE.



YOU'VE GOT BLOOD ALL OVER YOU. IT'S ALL OVER YOUR FACE.



I KNOW.

ON MY HANDS, TOO.

THE END

NEXT IN NEIL GAIMAN'S LADY JUSTICE no.9:

C.J. HENDERSON & MIKE HARRIS
PRESENT

"DISLIKED & FEARED"

THE LADY JUSTICE STORY
YOU WON'T FORGET.

NEIL GAIMAN'S

Lady JUSTICE

COVER BY LEE MODER
& BOB McLEOD

EXPLODING ONTO
CD-ROM!

LEONARD NIMOY'S
PRIMORTALS



COMING CHRISTMAS '96 FROM



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